

WATCH

FOR

SPECIAL SALE

Beginning

WEDNESDAY,

FEB. 1st.

Henley and Biles,

ONE PRICE SPOT CASH.

Model Bakery...

Everything good to eat always on hand at the Model Bakery. Bread, Cakes, Pies, Cookies, Candies, Etc. See him opposite the postoffice.

J. A. ISLINGER, Prop. PHONE 124.

SENATE WILL VOTE ON STATEHOOD FEBRUARY 4

Washington, Jan. 28.—A canvass of the republican and democratic senators Friday revealed that the conference yesterday afternoon and evening, on the statehood bill, practically ended in an agreement to vote on the statehood bill Saturday, Feb. 4. The agreement also provides for the order of voting upon the amendments, and it is understood that the Foraker amendment is to be adopted, thus eliminating Arizona and New Mexico.

This agreement is a decisive victory for those in favor of statehood for Oklahoma and the Indian Territory and makes the chance for these territories very bright. It has been conceded all along that the senate will pass the bill if a vote is taken. Should a vote be taken February 4, as now seems quite probable, the success of the bill is almost certain as there is a month remaining before adjournment, in which the bill may be considered in conference, the conference action ratified by the two houses and the bill sent to the president for his signature. It is generally understood that Chairman Hamilton of the house committee on territories, for whom the house bill was named, will concur in the Foraker amendment.

Verdict for the Druggist.

Vinita, I. T., Jan. 28.—A case that has attracted much attention was decided by a judge in Judge Lawrence's Court at this place Wednesday night. A. S. Riggins had a sick child some time ago and he had a prescription filled at the drug store of C. L. Lane in Chelsea. The child died. Riggins brought suit for \$5,000 damage in the United States Court. It was shown to the jury that the child had been exposed to a sweltering sun and that sunstroke might have caused its death. The jury returned a verdict in favor of the druggist.

Territory News Notes.

Chickasha will soon have one of the finest churches in the territory. The Methodists will erect a \$15,000 edifice, and work will begin as soon as the weather permits.

The city council of Mill Creek has granted a twenty year franchise to the Sulphur Telephone Co. The exchange is expected to be in operation within ninety days.

One degree below zero was registered at Muskogee Wednesday, which caused the "oldest inhabitant" to rise and remark "This is the coldest weather ever experienced in this section of the territory."

The Farmers' Trading Company, of Broken Bow, has been incorporated with a capital of \$25,000. The company will deal in general merchandise and real estate.

Business men of South McAlester have petitioned the city council to enact an ordinance creating an "improvement district" in the business section of the city. The movement of the business men is an effort to solve the street paving and sidewalk problems in the business part of the town.

Indian policemen are removing white intruders from the lands of Indians in the vicinity of Durant. During recent raids of deputy marshals at Haileyville and Harts-horne six gallons of whisky and ninety gallons of Choctaw beer were seized and destroyed. Ten men were arrested at Haileyville for gambling.

Two merchants at Milbura refused to pay the tribal tax and the collectors closed their stores. Later the merchants reconsidered the matter and paid the tax and reopened for business.

Harry Merson, a nephew of Mrs. S. I. Tobias, recently arrived in this country from Russia. Mr. Merson has been a printer for twenty years and is a workman of more than ordinary ability, drawing an \$80 month salary, which he threw up in order to escape the tyranny of the Czar, Nicholas. He is now in Konawa and will arrive in Ada some time next week.

BIG MEETING OF THE GOOD ROADS ASSOCIATION

Delegates from many towns in the Indian Territory attended the Territorial Good Roads Association which met at Muskogee, the 26th and 27th inst.

The instance of the association was the meeting of the M. K. & T. good roads special train which is making an itinerary through the west and southwest under the auspices of the National Good Roads Association of America. Composing the parties of this special train were Col. Moore, president of National Association, Dr. Goit, a road building expert of Kansas City, Hon. T. P. Rixey, Hon. Sam Houston, state highway commissioner of the state of Ohio, Geo. Morton, G. P. & T. A. and Mr. Groselove, G. F. A. of the Katy Railway system.

The Association was a great success. The meetings were very instructive, and the enthusiasm among the participants indicate that this initial good road movement in the territory will be fraught with great and lasting good results.

The officers of the Territorial Good Roads Association are: C. N. Haskell, Muskogee, president; J. B. Morrow, Checotah, first vice president, T. W. Hunter, Boswell, second vice president; T. W. Gulick, secretary; Otis Weaver, Ada, assistant secretary; J. D. Dabbs, Muskogee, treasurer.

The committee on resolutions passed the following:

"Resolved, That we earnestly protest against the passage of what is known as the Stewart bill, believing that its provisions, as a whole, are harmful and injurious, and it is the calm and undivided judgment of this convention that the enactment of said bill into law would be harmful indeed by engendering strife and contention, with no adequate court of appeal. In a word, it is un-American."

The Association was entertained Friday night by the Chamber of Commerce in their elegant quarters with a smoker, which was enjoyed very much.

The special train bearing the party left at 10 o'clock for Gainesville, Texas.

Accused Officer Acquitted.

Tishomingo, I. T., Jan. 28.—Some parties here who had been arrested charged with violation of the ordinances, retaliated by swearing out warrants before the United States Commissioner for Marshall Miller and his deputy alleging an assault by the officers. Upon a hearing the officers were acquitted.

Verdict of Manslaughter.

Ardmore, I. T., Jan. 28.—After a two days' deliberation in the case of Mark Lowrey, charged with killing Wm. Franklin near Wheeler, a jury in the United States Court returned a verdict of manslaughter. The jury recommended to the Court that the lowest penalty be placed.

Cigarettes Killed Thomas.

Lawton, O. T., Jan. 27.—J. C. Thomas, a well known race horse man of Southwest Oklahoma, died Wednesday. His death was caused by persistent cigarette smoking. He was so addicted to the habit that he could not walk further than a block without stopping to get his breath.

Methodist Church.

Services Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by pastor. Sunday school at 10 a. m., Jr. League 2:30 p. m., Sr League 3:30 p. m. Everybody cordially invited.

Old papers at this office cheap.

WEATHER FORECAST.

Indian Territory: Tonight and Sunday, snow flurries; colder Sunday, and in west portion tonight.

Temperature.

The big thermometer in front of the News office registered today as follows:
At 8 a. m. 42
At 3 p. m. 42

RUSSIANS REPULSE JAPS IN TWO ENGAGEMENTS

St. Petersburg, Jan. 28.—Gen. Kuropatkin, under date of Jan. 25, telegraphed as follows to Emperor Nicholas:

"The advance has commenced of our right flank against the enemy. We have occupied Khailatosa and Kheigoutaya."

Gen Kuropatkin adds: "No details have been received of the losses at Khailatosa and Kheigoutaya, which are seven versts southwest of San De Pas. We occupied Khailatosa without forcing, the Japanese being bayoneted. Kheigoutaya was bravely defended, but we finally occupied it at 10 o'clock at night. Our cavalry pursued two regiments of Japanese dragoons, which fled southward."

"On our left flank a detachment repulsed the Japanese and occupied a defile between Khindiesan and Expansan. Another detachment sent against the enemy's flank near Hindkercheng forced the Japanese to retire, and captured 200 cattle."

Supplementing the foregoing,

the General says:

"From later reports it appears that in capturing these positions we made prisoners of 100 Japanese. We also occupied the villages of Weheitaitse, on the Hun river, losing fifty men."

"On Jan. 26 our troops continued the offensive against San De Pas. The Japanese attacked our position near the village from the southeast, but were repulsed. Our cavalry participated in maneuvering against the left flank and attacked the Japanese in the rear. Our force then attacked San De Pas and at 7 p. m., after a desperate fight, with the assistance of sappers, were surmounted the strong intrenchments and occupied the large village."

"The same day our troops occupied the enemy's intrenchments at Shakhe and repulsed the Japanese attempts to retake them."

1000 yards of embroidery at W. A. Alexander's. Regular price 5 to 25 cents per yard. This sale 6 cents per yard.

274 26-w 42-11

CHITWOOD, THE TAILOR, FOR UP-TO-DATE CLOTHING, NEXT TO POSTOFFICE.

PAUL W. ALLEN,
Livery Stable.

NEW HORSES NEW BUGGIES
Travel well. Look well.
Satisfactory Service Guaranteed.

Allen Livery Barn



WOULD YOU TAKE
\$1,000.00
FOR YOUR EYES?

Don't neglect them or wear poor glasses.

C. J. WARREN, the Optician, Will Fit You Right.

EYES TESTED FREE

"OIL TO BURN."

And why not burn Eupion? There is none better. Ask your merchant to give you the EUPION OIL.

—FOR SALE BY—

R. S. TOBIN, JONES & MEADERS, LITTLE BROS., W. J. BAUGH, REED & JOHNSTON AND M. L. POWERS

W. T. MARTIN, Agent Waters Pierce Oil Company

WHITE GOODS SALE

Beginning Monday and continuing for three days we will put on sale our entire line of white goods, embracing table linen, napkins, towels, ladies skirts, underwear gowns, laces and embroideries. These goods must be moved out to make room for our large line of spring goods and we have put the price on them that will make them go. Here are a few of the prices:

Counterpanes.		
A fine regular \$3.00 seller, this sale only	\$2.10	
Regular \$1.50 sellers, this sale only	\$1.20	
Regular \$1.25 sellers, this sale only	90c	
Hucking towels, 40c sellers, this sale only	27c	
Hucking towels, 12 1/2c sellers, this sale only	8 1/2c	
Same towels, 10c sellers, this sale, only	7 1/2c	
Table Linen.		
Genuine Linen, 72 inches wide, \$1.50 seller, this sale	\$1.10	
Genuine Linen, 72 inches wide, \$1.25 seller, this sale	90c	
66 Inch table linen, 75c seller, this sale	60c	
66 Inch table linen, 60c seller, this sale	45c	
Dresser Scarfs.		
A handsome Dresser Scarf, 75c seller, this sale only	45c	
Dresses Scarf, a 35c seller, this sale only	22c	
Underskirts.		
One lot of Ladies' Underskirts, 75c sellers, this sale only	45c	
Towels.		
Genuine Linen Towels, 75c sellers, this sale only	50c	
An elegant towel, 35c seller, this sale only	22c	
Napkins.		
One lot linen Napkins, \$1.00 sellers, this sale	65c	
One lot linen Napkins, 65c sellers, this sale	45c	
We have several patterns in bolts that will be sold at a greater reduced figure.		

Now is the time to lay in your white goods for the summer. You can get them at half the price what they will cost you later on, and if this is an inducement for you, you will be at our bargain counters early Monday morning. During these three days we will also have on sale other items all over the house.

Reed & Harrison.

MAY INTERFERE TO RESTORE ORDER IN SANTO DOMINGO



Santo Domingo and Hayti.

CITIES AND TOWNS OF SANTO DOMINGO.

Santo Domingo City, oldest white settlement in America, capital of Santo Domingo.

Santiago de los Caballeros, chief town of province of same name situated on Yagre river. Founded in 1504.

Puerto Plata, on northern coast, 100 miles northwest of Santo Domingo City; important seaport.

La Vega, seventy-eight miles northwest of Santo Domingo; center of rich farming district.

Samana, on north side of bay of same name, important owing to its geographical position.

Azuza, near the coast in the southern part of island, fifty-five miles west of Santo Domingo.

Seybo, or El Seybo, fifty-five miles northeast of Santo Domingo.

Monte Cristi, on northern coast, thirty miles east of Cape Haitien.

A century of turmoil, bloodshed, robbery and disorder in Santo Domingo is to be terminated by the intervention of the United States, according to present outlook.

Officials of the highest rank in the administration say that such action is inevitable. President Roosevelt is

said, on the best of authority, to hold that view of the case.

It is a question of time, but of months, rather than years.

American officials and American marines will inaugurate a reign of good order, and a season of debt-paying in the country.

They don't call it that in diplomatic language, but the proposed order of things in Santo Domingo seems to be nothing more or less than a receiver-ship. It will be something brand new in American history. The republic will bear a relation to this country unlike Porto Rico, which was annexed; unlike the Philippines, which were hatched on behind, and unlike Cuba, which is the object of a benevolent guardianship. Santo Domingo is to be regulated. It is to be told to pay its debts and to be good.

The plan is to place men in the custom houses to collect the revenue of the country.

They are to see that a fair share of this money goes to the creditors, and that public officials, instead of looting the public treasury, conduct the government on an economical basis.

One custom house, that of Puerto Plata, is now in the hands of an American as a result of arbitration, last summer, over a claim of \$5,000,000 owned by New Yorkers.

They advanced a lot of money about ten years ago and took a blanket mortgage on the government.

The proceeds at Puerto Plata are being devoted to their claim.—New York Press.

EARL OF SUFFOLK'S CRITICISM INFLAMED INDIAN VICEROY.

Rumor comes from London that Mrs. Leiter's two titled sons-in-law hate each other like poison. This mutual dislike flourishes, in spite of the fact that the earl of Suffolk is aide-camp to Lord Curzon, viceroy of India. The latter's anger always simmers when Suffolk is near by but it is said to have flamed up in the course of a bear hunt in India. Lord Curzon shot a cub which was crouching behind a tree. Sportsmanship demands that under such circumstances the cub should have been killed with a hunting knife. Suffolk intimated that Curzon's act was cowardly. "You ought to know," he said, "that rifles should not be used on bears unless the emergency is great." The viceroy stalked toward him with crimsoned face. "Do you dare call me a coward?" he demanded. "You're not playing the game," said his aid, without a tremor. All the official and unofficial flunkys gasped, but the earl wouldn't wilt for a brass rupee. Curzon snorted and hastened home alone. Powerful influence saved Suffolk from being cashiered.

What a Hand May Mean.

In all my experiences and thoughts I am conscious of a hand. Whatever touches me, whatever thrills me, is as a hand that touches me in the dark, and that touch is my reality. You might as well say that a sight which makes you glad or a blow which brings the stinging tears to your eyes is unreal as to say that those impressions are unreal which I have accumulated by means of touch. The delicate tremble of a butterfly's wings in my hand, the soft petals of violets curling in the cool folds of their leaves or lifting sweetly out of the meadow grass, the clear, firm outline of face and limb, the smooth arch of a horse's neck and the velvety touch of his nose—all these, and a thousand resultant combinations, which take shape in my mind, constitute my world.—Helen Keller in the Century.

Purchased Long-Coveted Tree.

Elihu Root, lawyer, man of affairs and cabinet officer, was born in Hamilton college, New York, where his father was a professor. In his boyhood days he and his father took long walks together, often passing a splendid hemlock tree which stood on the Kirkland farm. More than once Prof. Root said: "I wish I owned that tree." In the years since then there have been many changes at Hamilton and in the country round about, but the old hemlock has remained untouched, and the other day Elihu Root bought Kirkland farm and the tree which, he declares, has long been a landmark in his life.

First Necessity for Uniformity.

Rossini, the Italian composer, is reported to have said a droll thing on the unification of Italy when some one asked his opinion on this matter. He replied that he thought it very difficult, if not impossible, to effect it, for the simple reason that the Neapolitans eat nothing but macaroni, the Florentines nothing but fagioli and the Lombards only polenta, while the Piedmontese swallow all they can get. "It is clear," he said, "that uniformity of cookery must precede unity of government."

DEADLY DESIGN OF TORPEDO.

Herreshoff Invention Meant to Be Humanly Navigated.

The Herreshoffs of yacht building fame have invented a torpedo conveying and propelling system which, it is successful, does away with the torpedo boat, and reduces the submarine in its possibilities. The business of the torpedo boat is to convey the torpedo within striking distance of the battleship or cruiser and to discharge the torpedo. The Herreshoffs propose, says Everybody's Magazine, to construct a larger torpedo than the present standardized Whitehead and to use it just as a small whaleback boat would be employed. Two men wearing life preservers set out with it from shore, or from large vessels, and navigate it within striking distance of the enemy's craft, point it, lock the steering gear, slip off into the water and wait to be picked up. The torpedo thus launched with far better aim than from a tube and with a longer carrying range, could scarcely fail to sink its victim. As it is now, the percentage of torpedoes that "arrive" is but one in twelve. If a man can cross the North Atlantic in a 16-foot dory, as has been done more than once, two men should be able to navigate a pneumatically sustained Herreshoff torpedo in some very rough weather.

Worry That Brings Death.

A publication devoted to suggestive therapeutics, telepathy and kindred interests maintains that thousands of people actually think themselves to death every year by allowing their minds to dwell on morbid subjects. It would be more accurate to say that these persons worry themselves to death. It is not thinking. To think would be to fortify the mind against morbidity. There seems to be no doubt that unreasonable and unreasonable worry has a distinct and pernicious effect on mind and body. That it is practicable to overcome this cause of trouble is affirmed by special students of psychology, but there is an attraction to some minds in morbid melancholy and a disposition to shun whatever is cheerful and wholesome.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Decrease in Salt.

The latest government statistics state that the United States produced 18,968,089 barrels of salt during the year 1903. This is the smallest output since 1898, and shows that the use of salt is decreasing, says Success. This is probably due to the recent disclosures of eminent scientists that people eat too much salt, that there is sufficient natural salt in the water we drink, in the air we breathe, and in the fruits and vegetables we eat to supply the human system, without sprinkling it plentifully on every dish. Many diseases are now traced to the use of salt.

Jest of Monarch and Humorist.

Admirers of Mark Twain will recall his famous letter to Queen Victoria. According to his own account he once wrote: "I don't know you personally, but I have met your son. He was at the head of a procession in the Strand and I was on a bus." During a late visit to London Mark Twain was presented to King Edward, who showed his appreciation of the American humorist by remarking: "I have met you before. You must remember. It was on the Strand and you were riding on a bus."

TOO WEALTHY TO WORK.

Mystery of Colored Porter's Disappearance Cleared Up.

It was my misfortune, several years ago, to learn somewhat of the question that is giving the South so much concern even unto the present day.

I stood talking with the night clerk of a hotel in Atlanta, while waiting for the midnight train going to Savannah. The conversation interested me so much that I lost all thought of time, until a bell somewhere in the vicinity began striking 12.

"Here, Tom!" the clerk suddenly called to a big, strong negro porter, "carry this satchel to the Savannah train. Run, or you'll miss it."

Tom snatched up my large satchel and hurried across the street to the train shed, reaching there just in time to throw the satchel upon the rear platform of the train, which had already started.

As I ran behind him I dug into my trousers pocket for a silver quarter to give to him, and as he flung the satchel on the platform I clapped the coin into his hand and leaped aboard.

When the conductor came for my fare I said to myself, "Here's where I get rid of that \$10 gold piece before I spend it for a quarter." But I was mistaken. I had already spent it for a quarter, and I now remembered that the coin I had given Tom did feel strangely heavy.

Two weeks later I was in Atlanta again.

"Where's that porter, Tom?" was the first question I put to the night clerk at the hotel.

"Yes, that's the question," said he. "Did you take him away with you?"

"No," I answered, "but I gave him a \$10 gold piece."

"That accounts for it, then," said the clerk. "He hasn't been seen here since, and he probably won't be until the last cent of it is gone.—Willis Brooks in Brooklyn Eagle.

Circumstantial Evidence.

Sir Henry Hawkins, a brilliant advocate and one of England's greatest criminal judges, expresses the following opinion in his recently published "Reminiscences."

"Let me say a word about circumstantial evidence. Some writers have spoken of it as a kind of 'dangerous innovation' in our criminal procedure. It is almost the only evidence that is obtainable in all great crimes, and it is the best and most reliable. . . . I have witnessed many great trials for murder, but do not remember one where there was an eyewitness to the deed. How is it possible, then, to bring home the charge to the culprit unless you rely on circumstantial evidence?"

"Circumstantial evidence is the evidence of circumstances—facts that speak for themselves and that cannot be contradicted. Circumstances have no motive to deceive, while human testimony is too often the product of every kind of motive.—Volume II., page 94.—New York World.

A Song of the Plains.

No harp have I for the singing, nor fingers fashioned for the skill,
Nor ever shall words express it, the song that is in my heart.
A saga, swept from the distance, horizons beyond the hill,
Singing of life and endurance, and bidding me bear my part.

For this is Song, as I sing it, the song that I love the best,
The steady tramp in the furrow, the grind of the gleaming steel,
An anthem sung to the noonday, a chant of the open West,
Echoing deep, in my spirit, to gladden and help and heal.

And this is Life, as I read it, and Life in its fairest form,
To breathe the wind on the ranges, the scent of the upturned sod,
To stride, and strive, and be thankful, to weather the shine and storm,
Toiling, ever to the prairies, the destiny planned by God.

And no reward do I ask for, save only to work and wait,
To praise the God of my fathers, to labor beneath His sky,
To dwell alone in His greatness, to strike and to follow straight,
Silent, and strong, and contented—the limitless plains and I.
—H. H. Bashford, in Spectator.

Mysterious Cryptogram.

The British Admiralty has obtained the exclusive use of a new apparatus which is to be employed in connection with wireless telegraphy. Precisely what the invention comprises is not known, as it is a jealously guarded secret. It is called a cryptogram, and is the invention of a Swiss mechanic. Its purpose is to prevent the interception of wireless messages, except by a person or station provided with the same device. The apparatus is stated by the English naval authorities to be perfect in operation, since when five of these instruments were submitted by them to a series of exacting tests they proved so successful that the device was procured by them outright.—Scientific American.

To Study Criminals.

The American Bar Association has passed a resolution in favor of establishing in the Department of Justice, Washington, a laboratory for the study of the criminal, pauper and defective classes. In the Bureau of Education, Washington, Mr. MacDonald has for several years been carrying on work of this kind under many difficulties, and it is mainly owing to his initiative that the foregoing resolution was framed.

Belgium's Diamond Anniversary.

Belgium is making preparations to celebrate next year its diamond jubilee, the seventy-fifth anniversary of its independence from the Netherlands. Local committees are being organized everywhere and the government is expected to make an appropriation of \$600,000.

British Railway Mileage.

According to figures recently compiled, the total track mileage and siding of British railways amounts to 50,729 miles.

BIRD INVESTS WITH POWER.

Superstition Connected with Jeweled Toy of England's King.

When as a girl Amelie de France, now Queen of Portugal, first visited Windsor Castle, the mystic jeweled bird which was taken from the throne of Tippoo Sahib and presented by the East India Company to George III., was the object of her profoundest admiration. In fact, it fascinated her romantic soul, and Queen Victoria, who had a strong strain of romance in her nature, quite understood her young guest's feeling, so she ordered the bird to be taken to the princess's apartment, in order that a sketch might be made of the treasure. The first thing the Queen of Portugal asked for the night she entered the banquet hall on the King's arm and saw the blaze of the celebrated gold plate upon the buffet, was this jeweled bird! His majesty immediately ordered that it should be placed upon the table in front of the Queen, that she might gaze upon it at her leisure.

There are many legends woven about that bird. A London journal says the Hindoos call it "Uma," and they say that whoever owns Uma must reign over India. It is supposed to have the gift of locomotion, and it alights upon the head of whosoever it endows with royal power. It is about twelve inches long, and is shaped like a pigeon with an exaggerated tail. Rubies, brilliants, emeralds and pearls are sewn about the quivering feathers of flagrant gold work; it holds a priceless ruby in its beak, and an emerald of great size and luster hangs from its breast. The bird shares with the Kohinoor the superstitious regard of the Hindoos. While the Uma folds its wings in the castle on the Thames, and while the Kohinoor blazes in the English crown, there is nothing else to do but be as good subjects of King Edward as may be. It is the will of the gods.

BALD MEN'S HAIR CUTS.

Less Hair a Man Has, the Oftener Does He Have It Trimmed.

The secretive, taciturn barber was finally induced to talk. He remarked: "I've noticed one peculiarity about my customers that I could never quite explain. The less hair a man has the more attention he pays to it."

"There's a real estate agent who comes in here nearly every week for a hair cut, and if I shave him clean from the back of his collar to his forehead you'd never know that I'd touched him."

"He's got a short, light-colored fringe that plays around the rim of his hat, like the soft, fluffy fringe you see on those shawls the women wear over their shoulders, but you'd think to hear him, that he could braid it and do it up in coils. Wants me to be particular and trim it close on the neck and around the ears."

"I humor him, of course. I take a handful of somebody else's hair and sprinkle it on the cloth I put on him, and then I snip the air gently for 10 or 15 minutes and make a great ado when I whisk him off."

Nine out of every ten of the bald-heads are that way, but men who've got plenty of hair will keep away from here until they look like the edges of an old-fashioned wig, curious, and, as I said, I never could account for it.—Providence Journal.

Difference Exactly Defined.

He was the head of a Harlem household, but his better half usually did the family marketing. One morning recently he was sent around the corner to get some eggs for breakfast. The grocer's clerk danced attendance and was asked, "Have you any eggs?"

"Certainly," was the clerk's response, as he pointed to convenient crates of the coveted breakfast food. One crate was labeled "Fresh eggs" and the other "Strictly fresh eggs."

The customer was a man more skilled in the exactitude of literary expression than the discriminating terms of the market man.

"I fail to understand," said he, "how eggs that are 'fresh' can be less than 'strictly fresh.' What's the difference?"

"Ten cents a dozen," was the quick reply.—New York Tribune.

The Voyage.

Each night I launch my caravan—
Upon the soundless sea of sleep;
My sails with freshening breezes swell,
I cleave a pathway through the deep;
And silver spinnets I leave behind
The old world, weary grown, and sad,
And on and on I sail to find
The stranger coast, the islands glad!

At morn the voyage ends—I wake!
Look through my cabin window. (That's right near my bed!) The sun doth break
In silver spinnets I leave behind
What strange new land lies there at hand!
What gladness fills the wondering
What leagues of sea I must have spanned
From that old world of yesternight!
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Roche's Strenuous Career.

Jim Roche, the man who smuggled a torpedo destroyer out of England into the service of Russia, is a man of varied and exciting experience. He has led a revolution in South America, has had a tombstone erected to him somewhere in northern Europe, stood as a model for the late Sir John Mills, struck oil in a southern state and at one time was an ally of Ernest Terah Hooley, the south African promoter.

Photographs Wild Animals.

The African explorer Shillings has brought to Berlin an extraordinarily interesting series of photographs of wild animals taken by themselves. His method was to attach to a piece of meat a string, which, on being touched, brought on a flashlight exposure. Leopards, hyenas, lions, apes, vultures and other animals were thus taken in the most diverse attitudes.

LITANY OF DEAD LOVE

A MEMORY OF BOYHOOD

Farewell, the ties are broken,
That linked them in the past,
The parting words are spoken,
Love's sky looms overcast.
The first mad, boyish passion
Has spent its fierce delight—
They loved in frantic fashion
And part in foolish spite.

Oh, Love, how may they sever
The bond that held them twain?
The hard to part forever
To quaff the cup of pain.
But they must sup of sorrow
And taste of bitter grief.
How dear will dawn the morrow
That brings them no relief.

Their love had too much laughter,
And not enough of tears;
Remorse must follow after
Love that laughs at fears.
Your memory he will cherish,
The fairest of his foes,
Till Life itself shall perish,
And death his door disclose.

We never can recapture
Those joys of bygone years,
That first fine godlike rapture
Lies enched in haunting fears.
Who wins sweet Fame will lose her,
Who loses her will gain,
Though Fancy still pursues her,
Her strenuous quest is vain.

The fairness of the flower
Bloomed richly in your face,
For Beauty was your dower,
The heirloom of your race.
Gray eyes that shamed the morning,
Charged with shy, pure disdain,
Flushed with fine girlish scorn,
As starshine drenched in rain.

Say, Rose, do you remember
The day you sang his rhyme,
As the nightingale in December,
Your voice rang like a chime.
No thrush's note rose sweeter,
As your linnets' carol clear,
With music's mournful meter,
That thrilled the spellbound ear.

Fate keyed their hearts together,
Fitted to the self-same tune,
But fickle as a feather,
You changed with every moon.
Sweet was the summer season
When he and you first met,
To love you was his treason,
Then he is a traitor yet!

Your lustrous eyes shone brighter
Than stars that gem the Dawn,
Your buoyant step was lighter
Than soft tread of timorous fawn.
Your rose-leaf face was fairer
Than foam from wind-swept spray,
Your beauty's rich and rarer
Than blithe harbingers of May.

Time's up for love and laughter,
For soft vows and bridal bliss,
Remorse must follow after
And chill sweet clinging kiss.
They've had their share of pleasure,
They've drained the sweets of life;
Joy gave them heaping measure,
Of Love's keen lustrous strife.

Farewell, the farce is ended,
The tawdry play is done,
Love dies when undefended,
Like some suppliant in the sun.
We never can rekindle
The fire on Fancy's shrine,
The smoldering fire will dwindle—
That fire we deemed divine!

JAMES E. KINSELLA.
Registry Division, Chicago Postoffice.

Officers Best in World

Many things combine to make the American officer the best in the world, writes Thomas F. Millard in Scribner's. In the first place, there is a large and intelligent population to draw upon, an advantage, it is universally admitted, not equally enjoyed by any other great nation. Again, owing to the smallness of our army, the number of officers to be supplied, in proportion to the total population, makes possible a care in selection and education impracticable elsewhere. Consider how a great majority of officers in the United States army are obtained. Appointments to West Point are secured, as a rule, only after a competitive examination, in which a number of young men of good ability and character take part. The man thus selected goes to West Point, where he must pass a rigid physical examination before he is admitted.

Then, owing to the exacting nature of the curriculum and the severity of the discipline, a large percentage of the candidates fail to complete the four years course. Those who do com-

plete it and obtain commissions must have attained a standard which other nations find it impossible, for a variety of reasons, to exact. That, even under our system, we have incompetent officers simply proves that perfection has by no means been reached, and does not alter the fact that our army is better officered than any in the world.

But take Russia, with her vast standing army of a million and a quarter men, exclusive of supplementary reserve organizations of even greater magnitude, a country where the masses of the people have almost no educational advantages, where the level of intelligence is undoubtedly lower than in any other great nation, and how is she to supply her army with competent officers, in our occupation of the word? She simply cannot. The United States government would find it equally impossible, with all our undisputed advantages, to equip an army of a million men with officers of the standard of those who now command our little army.

Japanese and the Mule

"So the Japanese rice growers are not willing to tackle that interesting native institution, the American mule, without the aid of home folk," said an observant man, "and I can see where they are right about the matter. The American mule is a long eared, quick heeled, supple jointed mystery, and no man, no matter how wise he may be, can do anything with him unless he have special training."

As a matter of fact, the white man in America is sadly deficient when it comes to a working knowledge of the mule. Up to the present writing the American negro is the only living person who can claim anything like mastery when it comes to the mule. Somehow there is something in the nature of the black man and the mule which makes it easier for them to get along. Just what it is I do not know. But even the black man will have his ups and downs now and then with the mule, and I have seen some very interesting instances of this kind, one of the most amusing being that of an ex-

tremely hard skulled negro who never wanted a better weapon than his head in any sort of conflict with man or beast.

"One day he fell out with the mule. Ordinarily they get along well enough together. But in some way the mule on the day in question made the negro mad and the fight began. In the first place the negro broke his water jug over the mule's head. This did not faze the animal. Grabbing the mule by the ears and taking a good, firm grip, the black man landed with vigor between the mule's ears, using his head as a weapon. The blow was a knockout blow all right, but the trouble was it knocked the negro out also. Both mule and negro fell to the ground as if dead. In a short while both were up again and after that they were fairly good friends. The Japs are right. They will need special training on the mule proposition and no mistake, and the negro is about the best man they can get to do the training."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

Terrapin in No Haste

Thomas S. Stadden, a prominent resident of Wadesville, Clarke county, was in this city recently, says a Winchester (Va.) special to the New York Herald, and brought with him a terrapin which has a remarkable history.

Just thirty years ago, in 1874, Mr. Stadden came across the terrapin on his farm and on the bottom of its shell inscribed the date. Every time since then that he has seen the terrapin he has cut the date on the shell and the entries are as follows: In 1874, 1875, 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882 and 1884.

On the latter date Mr. Stadden carried the terrapin to a spot near Stephensons, two and one-half miles from home, and turned it loose. Mr. Stadden has always held to the theory that terrapin and turtles will try to wander back to the spot of their birth, and to

test the theory the terrapin was taken to Stephenson.

That was twenty years ago and during the two decades Mr. Stadden never saw his pet—in fact, he had forgotten all about it until one day recently he came across a terrapin. Turning the terrapin over, he was amazed to find that it was his long-lost pet. There were the dates, the initials placed there from time to time, grown larger with the terrapin, but as distinct almost as the day they were cut.

In order to get back to its usual feeding place under the mulberry tree the terrapin had to cross several streams, traverse wooded bluffs, treacherous ravines and cross fields. Twenty years had been required to make the journey of two and one-half miles, but, guided by instinct, the little terrapin had at last reached home.

Sign of Coming Death

A large influx of the alalauwa, the famous red fish about which the Hawaiian superstition has it that their appearance denotes the death of a member of the royal family or someone occupying high place, is now causing much speculation among the Hawaiians on the waterfront.

The schools of alalauwa first made their appearance just a week ago. On Saturday, Sunday and Monday night fairly large schools of these fish appeared. On Monday night they came in an amazingly large number. On Tuesday night there were fewer of them, and since then their number has been gradually diminishing. It is expected that it will cease altogether either to-night or to-morrow night. The fish generally appear at about

5 o'clock in the afternoon. The Hawaiians say they cannot tell where they come from. Schools of them swim up and down the harbor for a little while, and then disappear again. The fish are about three inches long and of a bright red color.

The Hawaiians say that the fish appear very seldom, and that their appearance in so great numbers as at present is an infallible sign of impending death of someone occupying a high station. As soon as the schools of fish cease to come this death will take place. A few of these fish appeared just prior to the death of the late Robert Wilcox. With that exception, the boat boys say that they have not been seen in the harbor since the death of Queen Kapiulani and Princess Kaiulani.—Honolulu Bulletin.

Religious Thought

Let Us Be Patient.
Let us be patient with our lot,
And hopeful of the morrow.
Remembering there liveth not
A soul exempt from sorrow;
And even should the cruel hand
Of Poverty oppress us,
Its griefs we better can withstand,
If hopeful hearts possess us.
Contentment cometh not from wealth,
Nor ease from costly living;
The best of blessings, peace and health,
Are not of fortune's giving;
A happy heart dependent not
On fortune's fickle treasures,
But rather seeks a lowly lot,
Content with simple pleasures.
The ways of God are just and wise
To every living creature,
In every ill there underlies
Some compensating feature.
And when the lowly feel the rod
Most sorely on them pressing,
Full often is the living God
Most lavish in His blessing.
—Josiah Moody Fletcher.

The Mission of Christ.
The child is set for the fall and rising again
Of many a soul that shall be spoken against.
—St. Luke 24, 34.

The religion of Jesus Christ is much talked about and much misunderstood. Its failures are dwelt upon oftentimes with more interest than its successes. There are two ways of considering it—First, making an ideal of what it should be, and reading into it fancies that do not belong to it. Some think that Christianity should insure success in life or happiness or the readjustment of conditions that disturb our ambitions. Such an ideal does not correspond with the facts. Or, secondly, we may take it as it is set forth in the New Testament—a revelation of God from God, and not a revelation of God made by man. According to our way of considering it will be its effect upon our life. So the aged Simcon said that some should fall as well as others rise.

We are not to expect universal success for the gospel. To begin with, it appeals only to those who are conscious of personal sin; to those who hunger for righteousness, to those who seek reconciliation with God, and the harmony of the human and divine will and law, and to those who would have light on the hereafter, help through death, and welcome into life. To others it may be a pretty philosophy, a pleasant poem, even a cult, and perhaps a hope, but Christ is a need for those only who feel their need of him.

The first gift of Christ is a cross. The ancient calendars expressed this in their arrangement of the Christmas season. First came Christmas day, with bells ringing, and every manifestation of joy. The king had come! Then the next day, as though to indicate the mission of the king, was presented martyrdom, and the day after consecration, and the third day suffering on account of others. The order is significant. Instead of peace it is a sword. A battle with self and wrong. Giving up some things that cause pain, perhaps the death to not a few of our hopes.

Then comes devotion. Some people have no strength of character to be anything; never do any harm; never do any good. God wants positive virtue; not mere negation. This means work; doing something wisely and well for somebody else. Philanthropic enterprise; teaching the young; honesty and honor in everything and everywhere; diligence in the discharge of every duty that devolves upon us; cultivating our own spiritual life; these are the good works that Christ lays upon us.

So suffering for others. Perhaps most of the suffering in the world comes from people and conditions outside of ourselves. We have to recognize this fact. The sufferers are not always to be blamed—not even in cases that seem so clear and certain. You do not know the real history of any soul. All sufferers should be helped; and all sin that causes it should be punished. Every sin or wrong on our part causes some one else to suffer. And we should remember that God has laid on us the obligation to share their sufferings by the sacrifice of our time, effort, thought, and means to their alleviation. Christ was a sufferer for others; and because of others.

It is the failure to recognize these fundamental principles of Christianity that occasions so much disappointment. We have expected something different. Yet along these lines lies the way to happiness and to God. The man or woman who at this Christmas time makes no effort to kill all ill feeling, all enmities, all grudges; who does not go to work to make somebody else happy; and who will not suffer inconveniences to cheer a sufferer's life, has missed the mission God gave to Christ, and which he would have every child of earth take up. No wonder such people are disappointed in religion! Instead of rising by its aid to sweetness and grandeur of character, they have fallen by its judgments to uselessness and shame.—Rev. James S. Stone, D. D.

Suppose.
Suppose that the Christian life, in its daily manifestation, should come to be marked and known by simplicity and happiness. Suppose that the followers of Jesus should really escape from bondage to the evil spirits of avarice and luxury which infect and torment so much of our complicated, tangled, artificial modern life. Suppose that, instead of increasing their wants and their desires, instead of loading themselves down on life's journey with so many bags and parcels and boxes of superfluous luggage

and bric-a-brac that they are forced to sit down by the roadside and gasp for breath, instead of wearing themselves out in the dusty ways of competition and vain show, or embittering their hearts because they cannot succeed in getting into the weary race of wealth and fashion—suppose, instead of all this, they should turn to quiet ways, lowly pleasures, pure and simple joys, "plain living and high thinking." Suppose they should truly find and clearly show their happiness in the knowledge that God loves them, and Christ died for them, and heaven is sure, and so set their hearts free to rejoice in life's common mercies, the light of the sun, the blue of the sky, the splendor of the sea, the peace of the everlasting hills, the songs of the birds, the sweetness of flowers, the wholesome savor of good food, the delight of action and motion, the refreshment of sleep, the charm of music, the blessings of human love and friendship—rejoice in all these without fear or misgiving, because they come from God, and because Christ has sanctified them all by his presence and touch.—Rev. Henry Van Dyke, D. D.

A man who will only be as honest as he has to be will be as dishonest as he can be.

Through Sorrow's Gate.
There are many things, besides sorrow's self, that come through sorrow's gate—gentleness, tact, sympathy, strength, beautiful traits of character, which seem to find no other mode of entrance into life. Long for unclouded joy as we may, it still remains true that few of us would choose for our most valued friend one who has never suffered. The eyes that have not known tear must needs lack something of tenderness. The heart that never has been torn with anguish and loss has never sounded its own depths, and cannot measure those of another. The soul grows strong through storm and conflict; it ever grows strong at all, and however sweet a nature may be, we find it incomplete and unsatisfying if it has never known the softening hallowing touch of grief. There are dark pages in our lives where we would gladly have changed the story if we could. There are wounds that still ache, and losses that even yet are hard to bear; but however we may feel about the sorrow itself, there are few of us who would be willing to give up all that is brought us and taught us—to be just what we were before it touched us. There are some precious gains that come through sorrow's gate.—Wellspring.

Sunday School Superintendents.
The whole character and influence of a Sunday school will depend largely upon the character and adaptedness of the superintendent. What the superintendent of a railroad or of a factory is, each in his place, so is the superintendent of his Sunday school. It is not every truly good man, nor even every talented or eloquent man who will make a good superintendent of a Sunday school. Sometimes the modest and retiring parson, who shrinks from the acceptance of so holy an office, makes the best superintendent. Neither is it always the wisest or most influential man whom the office wants, but the one who can the most readily command the confidence and co-operation of the pastor, parents, and church members, as well as the teachers and the children. Certainly the best man possible should be got, for it is difficult to raise a Sunday school higher than its superintendent.

Patience and Trust.
You want to be true, and you are trying to be. Learn these two things—never to be discouraged because good things get on slowly here, and never to fail daily to do that good which lies next to your hand. Do not go in a hurry, but be diligent. Enter into that sublime patience of the Lord. Be charitable in view of it God can afford to wait; why cannot we since we have him to fall back upon? Let patience have her perfect work, and bring forth her celestial fruits. Trust to God to weave your thread into the great web, though the pattern shows it not yet.—George MacDonald.

A man cannot have his interest in sin and keep his principle clean.

Value of a Sunny Soul.
The world is too full of sadness and sorrow, misery and sickness; it needs more sunshine; it needs cheerful lives which radiate gladness; it needs encouragers who will life and not bear down, who will encourage, not discourage.

Who can estimate the value of a sunny soul who scatters gladness and good cheer wherever he goes, instead of gloom and sadness? Everybody is attracted to these cheerful faces and sunny lives, and repelled by the gloomy, morose and the sad. We envy people who radiate cheer wherever they go, and fling out gladness from every pore. Money, houses and lands look contemptible beside such a disposition. The ability to radiate sunshine is a greater power than beauty, or than mere mental accomplishment.—Success.

People who scatter sunshine cannot live in shadow.

JUST BEAR WITH ME.
Just bear with me, my friend,
Full oft I've failed to say
The word of cheer that might have
Waked
To melody your day.
Just bear with me, whenever
The word I say is wrong,
Think of the love that after all
Beats for you, true and strong.
Just bear with me—and try
To give me of your faith;
The faith that heartens life,
And bridges even death.
—Margaret E. Sangster in Every Where.

The Solace in Time of Trial

Ino twisted the Masonic emblem on her father's coat collar thoughtfully, scrutinizing it apparently with deep interest.

"You're the dearest old papa," murmured she.

"Well, Ino, what is it?" smilingly inquired the recipient of these endearments. "The indications are I can do you a favor."

"I have heard that great minds are sometimes very suspicious. But papa, dear, do let me stay two weeks longer. There are the charades, the chestnut party, the ball and the—"

"And what would Don and I do all this time?" interposed her father.

"Such a little time, papa," relinquishing the badge to his evident relief and making little caressing oabs at his thick gray hair. "As for Don, he treats me with superb indifference when you are near. And you? Why, the moment you alight at the home station, you will be figuratively swallowed."

Mrs. O'Flaherty will recount in detail the exploits of her six young hopefuls, and the widow Higgins will persuade you for the nineteenth time to accept her coal bill. The clubs will banquet you and the church deacons will inquire cautiously but diligently into your spiritual wanderings. With all this and more, I suspect, I should be dreadfully neglected were I to return with you," finished Ino plaintively.

"You are a spoiled child," said her father, with a quiet smile, "and as such must have your own way."

She watched him walk away. Who was there like her father? So replete with truth and gentleness, yet so capable in strong activity. A great wave of tenderness filled her heart. She was tempted to run after him at this very moment and declare again her admiration and love.

They had come from the far West some weeks before, she and her father, to this little mountain resort, to spend the summer with her sister. Now, unexpected business affairs called him home; hence her urgent request to remain till the close of the season.

The next day she stood with him in the gray light of early morn at the little station in Marsdale, saying those senseless things we all say at moments of parting with dear ones, trying to remember what she would wish said after he was gone. Trivial matters impressed themselves indelibly on her mind. She attended to the careful arrangement of his necktie, from one loop of which a tiny thread was hanging. She pulled the thread off and tiny twisting it nervously in her fingers. She watched him fold his ticket, turning the little green and red colorings inside, and put it into his pocketbook. Then came the moment of departure.

As he held her close in silence, lovingly pressing down the ruffled brown hair, she said brokenly: "Papa, I don't care for the ball—I think I'll just wait for the charades."

"Nonsense," laughingly kissing her, "have a good time; come home and tell me all about it. Mind, I am to have full particulars of every conquest."

The next moment, waving her a smiling adieu from the rear platform of the swiftly-moving Pullman, he vanished in the rushing charge of steam and shrill whistle.

A week of gaiety followed. Ino was this morning deep in the consideration of her ball costume. After the ball—the final event of the season—she was going home. She had written her father the exact minute to expect her, and was now impatiently turning over ribbons and laces when the door opened.

Recognizing her sister's step, she cried: "I'm so glad you've come! Is it not a pity to bother one's head crazy with all this 'fuss and feathers' for a ball? Think of the jack-in-the-pulpits in the woods, the lovely violets and—those interesting scarlet things—that wiggle through the ferns—lizards! You remember the day papa brought one home in his handkerchief? Dost thou know, sister mine, what is a ball? 'Tis a jumble of music, costumes, glitter and Gas light; interspersed with conventional remarks which were long ago frayed at the elbows and bagged at the knees. Why, one little hour out there," flourishing a gauze bow in the direction of the woods, "knee deep in those daisies with sturdy old maples towering overhead, and someone you love, is better than a whole season of balls. I wish our lives were more simple. I wish Dame Fashion didn't own us body and soul. Then we might wear a few breadths of drapery and a girdle, as our remote ancestors—why, dear, what is it? Are you ill? tramping recklessly over silks in her haste to reach her sister's side, for on glancing up she was startled to see her face white and troubled.

"It is probably not so serious as it says," holding forth a bit of yellow paper, "but it calls us home. Papa is—very ill. Now, dear, be brave," added her sister hastily, noting the deadly pallor which crept from lip

to brow as Ino mechanically held out her hand for the telegram. "We must take the next train, and there is much to do."

Despite the carefully-worded message and her sister's hopeful words an awful tightening came about her heart.

"If I had only gone home with him," said she, with infinite pathos.

Three days weary travel brought them to the end of their journey—at an unexpected hour. No one awaited them. Taking a carriage, they soon pulled up in front of the old home—and there was crepe on the door. What do we do in the great crises of our life? Nothing. We stand with silent lips and tearless eyes. In a few moments Ino knelt by the silent form of her father. She saw with impatient pain the closely-folded lips and white carved face of death. When before had he ever failed in happy greeting, were she gone but an hour? She touched the still, cold hands that had always caressed her, and softly spoke to him. Don, the greyhound, stole to her side and thrust his cold nose in her hand and looked inquiringly, eagerly into her face. Her sister spoke—they led her away. It did not matter—he was not there, but where was he? Where now should she look for him, her chum from childhood? The loneliness of her life in the days to come appalled her.

One evening, a week later, Ino crossed the garden to her father's office, unopened since the funeral. There in the uncertain light she saw Don, his nose close pressed to the threshold, his body rigid from hours of patient waiting.

"Don, you torture me," she cried, kneeling down by him. "You'll have to give it up. Poor old Don!" placing a hand on either side of his slim, brown head and gently drawing him away. "You can't find him. Yet—what do I know about it? Sometimes I think these dumb creatures look in to shadow impenetrable to us; and only poor humanity is helpless in the grip of mystery and silence—a victim of the unsolved problem of death."

She opened the door and entered, closely followed by the expectant greyhound. Drawing her father's chair to the desk, she turned on the light and sat down. After a few moments' quiet thought, she took up a pen and wrote:

"Dear Sister: I am trying to adjust my life to meet this loss. I cannot think of papa as having gone away. I cannot associate him with death. I must make him live. The day we left him sleeping on the hillside they told us, you remember, dear, that he was called to fill a vacancy in heaven; his life work was ended. Who shall say that heaven is not here and his life work just begun? It is a simpler, happier theory. The 'loved voice' that was to me both sound and sweetness, suddenly failed; it is true, but what is there that does not speak for him?"

"Tonight I gathered some jasmine, his favorite flower, as you know. The perfume rose like a low appeal—to find him, not in a remote heaven, but here, in the flowers he loved; in the sunshine lying about the dear old home; in sweet bird melody at twilight; in the drifting cloudshadow and better still and dearer, to find him in doing the simple, kindly deeds to those about me that he once did. No other can miss his actual presence as I do. You understand, dear. I was always with him—his 'little chum' he called me, and truly the silence aches round me like a strong disease and new. Except to bring him back into my everyday life, into conversation and commonplace duty, how else can I make this loss endurable? It is the hope, the help, the means that will undo to your sense, the silence of the beyond."—Miss F. Wilkins in Los Angeles Times.

HE SAW TROUBLE AHEAD.

Booker Washington's Innovation Naturally Caused Alarm.

Booker T. Washington tells a good story of his experience in establishing the educational institutions of which he is now the enthusiastic head and heart.

"We found," says he, "that the wreck of a log cabin in which we were doing school work was much too small and otherwise ill fitted. After many searches I found an old deserted hen house of considerable size on the plantation and decided upon that as a future headquarters. There was some cleaning to do preliminary to hearing lessons, so I, accompanied by a few students, started early one morning to do what was needed. On the way an old darkey stopped us, and in a friendly manner, asked: 'What you goin'?' 'We told him the nature of our errand.

"See here, boss," said he, with impressive earnestness, 'you sho' gwine ter git inter trouble. It am contrary to the habits of people hereabouts to clean out chicken houses in the daytime.'"

The Smaller the Greater.

Until the Spanish-American war came surgeons in this country knew but little of the effect of gunshot wounds made by a small calibre bullet fired at a high velocity. The almost pinlike puncture made by a Mauser or a Krag-Jorgensen bullet was somewhat baffling to them. During the Cuban campaign a surgeon was taking Gen. Leonard Wood on a tour of inspection through his hospital ward.

"You see," he said, when they came to a soldier whom a Mauser bullet had caught, "this man's wound is serious because it is so small."

"Then," replied the General, "I suppose that if he had no wound at all he would be in a very dangerous condition and would probably die."

TEMPERANCE TOPICS

Sincerity.
To be sincere. To look life in the eyes.
With calm, undrooping gaze. Always to mean
The high and truthful things. Never to screen
Behind the unmeant word, the sharp surprise
Of cunning; never tell the little lies
Of look or thought. Always to choose, between
The true and small, the true and large,
And high above Life's cheap dishonesties.

The soul that steers by this unfading star
Needs never other compass. All the far
Wide waste shall blaze with guiding
light, the rocks,
And sirens meet and mock its straining
gaze.
Secure from storms and all Life's battle
shocks
It shall not veer from any righteous ways.
—Maurice Smiley in Leslie's Monthly.

Do Saloons Help?

A couple of weeks ago we were out at Greeley, Colorado, and hired a livery team to drive down to La Salle to catch the eastbound Union Pacific train. We had time to spare and swung around through some of the beautiful avenues, lined with trees and fine homes. As we left the town we remarked to the driver: "You have a splendid town here. Everybody seems well-to-do and happy, the streets are fine and well kept, and the residences above the average for a town of this size. But Sterling will beat you in sidewalks. They have more cement sidewalk in Sterling—and better—than in any town we ever saw of double the size."

"Well," said the driver, "the trouble with us is we do not have any saloon tax to help us. If we could license saloons we would have plenty of money to build fine sidewalks and make other public improvements. The original deeds of the land forbid saloons."

"You don't mean to say that you think saloons would help your town, or that license money would make more sidewalks for you?"

"Of course I do. Why, hundreds of dollars go out of this town every week that ought to stay right here. They have saloons down here at Evans two miles away, and every Saturday night twenty or thirty teams take people down there to spend money that ought to be spent in Greeley."

In about twenty minutes we reached Evans. It is a little hole of a town. The most conspicuous buildings are those occupied by three or four saloons. We drove through from north to south. We saw no sidewalks to speak of, no nice residences, the stores are in little one-story shacks, and everything looked run down at the heel. It is the sort of a town one wants to get out of as soon as possible.

We turned to the driver. "Is this Evans, the town you were speaking of a little while ago?"

"Yes," said he.

We did not say anything further, and neither did he. It wasn't necessary. How silly his argument must have seemed to him, when the two towns were compared.—Wallace's Farmer.

Temperance Notes.

(From the Barn's Horn).

The temperance people of Helsingfors, Finland, are giving a course of scientific lectures every year and certificates are given to those who pass examinations.

During August, 2,495 persons were sent to prison from Glasgow for minor and major crimes. Glasgow is the city where "municipalization" is said to have settled the liquor problem.

Danish physicians of Copenhagen, following the lead of Paris and Madrid, have placarded the walls of that city with warnings against drink, which begin with the striking sentence, "Alcohol is a stupefying poison."

A. H. Berg, Past Grand Chief Templar of Sweden, is said to have delivered 10,960 lectures on the subject of temperance—distancing any competitor for number of speeches save John B. Gough.

At a special election held lately under the Real local option law at Irondale, Ohio, the "drys" won by a majority of sixteen. With Irondale "dry," all towns on the Cleveland and Pittsburgh railroad have abolished the saloon.

The steady and substantial growth of temperance sentiment in England is shown by statistics relative to the Congregational clergymen there. Twenty-five years ago only 768 out of 2,000 clergymen were total abstinents; to-day 2,500 out of 3,000 are.

Hon. Taro Ando is showing the people of Japan that they can save 320,000,000 yen (\$150,000,000) by quitting drinking and smoking. He argues that it would be so much better to buy war bonds than sake. His appeal to the patriotism of the people is having a remarkable effect.

The sale of liquor is prohibited by law now over a greater portion of the area of the United States than at any previous time since the Maine law went into effect on June 2, 1851. In the Southern states whole tiers of counties are as dry as a bone, so far as the public sale of liquor is concerned.

Alcohol No Longer Needed.

Science has found a good substitute for every one of the medical uses for which alcohol may be employed. As a hypnotic, as a stimulant, as a tonic, as a cleanser or an antiseptic other drugs have been found or manufactured that are superior to alcohol. It is now recom-

mended in hospitals and the sick room only in the cases of patients whose convivial habits have so enervated their system that a stimulus is necessary and where there is no choice as to what kind shall be used. Alcohol may now be dropped from the pharmacopoeia without loss to surgery and medicine. The best that can be said for alcohol is that in certain rare instances it has done no apparent harm.—Kansas City Journal.

Town Without Liquor.

Walnut Township, in Crawford county, Kansas, is a model community. For ten years there has not been an officer elected in that township that would serve. At each election somebody is put up for justice of the peace and somebody else for constable. They are duly elected, of course, and as regularly refuse to serve.

There has not been a civil or criminal case docketed from that township in the district court in all the ten years. The last man who was elected justice of the peace got fifteen cents for his two years' work by making out some pension papers. The constable served a year and a half and resigned. He has never had a thing to do.

Money Wasted on Liquor.

Suppose a man fond of drinking, as nearly all of us Germans are, were to begin from his fifteenth year to save daily 30 pfennigs that he would otherwise have spent for drink; in a year his savings would amount to 109 marks, 50 pfennigs. In forty-five years—that is, at sixty—he would have, at 4 per cent compound interest, a capital of 7,963 marks, 30 pfennigs. These 30 pfennigs saved from expenditure on alcohol, put into an insurance fund to yield an annuity, would produce a yearly income of from 1,200 to 1,600 marks. A daily saving of 50 pfennigs (12½ cents) from the fifteenth to the sixtieth year would produce a capital of 13,272 marks, 31 pfennigs, or an annuity of 2,000 marks.—Extracts from an Address.

Great Lecture in a Few Words.

Mrs. Ogden, widow of William B. Ogden, who died recently at Lenox Mass., left \$215,000 to charity; \$200,000 of it to the Arnot Ogden Memorial hospital at Elmira, and the remainder in equal proportions to St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children in this city, the Society for the Relief of the Destitute Blind, and the Southern Tier Orphan home of Elmira. She left to a nephew \$5,000, provided he abstains from beer, liquor, wine and tobacco until he is twenty years old and should he remain abstemious for five years more he is to receive an other \$5,000. The \$10,000 may be of considerable importance to the youth, but the advantages he will derive from his abstinence will be worth many times more than the amount, whether or not he will have the sense to see it. The testatrix evidently had sad reason to know the wreck which results from what she condemns—Exchange.

Habits Formed in Saloons.

The regular frequenter of a saloon becomes in a few years not only the slave, but the willing slave, of this habit. In such places superficial ideas accumulate and are kept on tap—observations that are springy, would-be witty, humorous, comic or sentimental—and the saloon patrons derive their opinions from this stock. These partial views pertain especially to politics. There is a saloon type of politics by which, like "The Political Wiscaree" in Holberg's celebrated masterpiece, the steady patrol, will swear as by the gospel; it renders him blind to any other point of view. By this means the people become one-sided and impair their minds.

Abstainers on Railways.

All employers who are not total abstainers will be discharged at the earliest possible moment," is the announcement of the general superintendent of the railway system of Germany. "No moderate drinkers will be retained in any position of trust. Temperance men with clear brain and steady hands are the only ones who will be retained and who should apply for positions."

Alcohol and the Heart.

When considerable quantities of beer and wine are taken frequently, it is not merely the alcohol in these beverages that is injurious, but also the temporary overfilling of the blood vessels, because that entire stream of fluids is obliged to pass through the blood. All of that superfluity has to be equalized by means of increased action of the heart. Now it is true that a sound heart is furnished with considerable reserve force that enables it to respond to great demands on exceptional occasions; but there is no doubt that those who persist in making demands of that sort diminish considerably their capital in heart power. The consequences of such real overburdening of the blood vessels become especially manifest at middle age in the form of a weak heart, a condition we might term a strike on the part of the exploited heart.—F. von Birch-Hirschfeld, M. D., Professor of Pathology in the University of Lipsie.

A white lie may be as hard to wipe out as a black one.

THE ADA EVENING NEWS.

OTIS B. WEAVER & CO., Publishers
M. D. STEINER, Business Manager

Entered as second-class matter March 26, 1904, at the postoffice at Ada, Indian Territory, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Afternoon (Except Sunday.)

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
One Week 10.
One Month 40.
One Year \$4.50

ADVERTISING RATES.
Made Known Upon Application.

Advertisements, to insure insertion, must reach this office not later than 10 a. m., on day of Publication

If you have a friend visiting you, or other news that would please the public, send it in. Our 'phone is No. 4; use it.

Official - City - Paper

LOCAL NEWS

The best of roasts and steaks at Joe Deckerts. 263 tf

Miss Gertie Smith of Francis was in the city shopping today.

Otis B. Weaver returned this morning from Muskogee.

Albatross and White Falcon flour, best on earth, at Walsh's. 270-tf

Mrs. I. McNair came in this morning from a four weeks visit with friends in Missouri and Kansas.

Get your plans, specifications and estimates from G. H. Keen, Architect. Located over First National Bank. 266-12t

F. R. Brannon of Sasakwa was in the city today and extended his name on our books to the 1906 mark.

There are no better shoes than those sold by Chapman. All leather and damp proof makes them popular. 269-6t

Stan Mason, of Coalgate, who has been in the city for several days left this morning for south Texas points in search of health.

Everybody can eat oranges at 10c and 25c per dozen. That is the way we are selling them. Ellice Confectionery. 269-tf.

Dick Couch came in last night from a few days' stay at Ft. Smith, Ark.

A nice line of toil-du-nord and A. F. C. gingham at Alexander's. 274-2t-w-45-1t

See P. K. Smith for up-to-now photo work. 152-tf

Boss Woodard was in the country near Center yesterday.

For one week we will make all hot drinks, such as chocolates, bouldins, etc., at 5c. Ellice Confectionery. 269-tf.

Mr. and Mrs. Greer arrived in the city this morning from Ozark, Ark. It will be remembered that this is one of the gentlemen who purchased the Dixie store stock. An invoice of the goods will be taken Monday.

Try a sack, bran 85 cents at Gray's Grain House. 263-tf

IF YOU WANT THE
BEST
USE COLD STORAGE
MEATS
AND
HOME RENDERED
LARD

Give us your orders,
we will please you.

'PHONE
NO. 21.

R. S. TOBIN.

People
...are...
LEARNING
That the place to buy
GROCERIES
Is from the exclusive
grocer. We make the
grocery business our
whole study, and Judg-
ing from the way
Our Trade is
INCREASING.
We believe that we have
been at least partially
successful in our efforts
to please. We stand
behind the quality
Of Our Goods
and guarantee satisfac-
tion. Give us a trial.
Yours for business
Jones &
Meaders

There can be no finer bread or pastry than that made from Albatross or White Falcon flour. Buy a sack at Walsh's. 270-tf

Geo. Wade, manager of the bowling alley, is at Lehigh for a few days' visit.

E. D. Sumner, age 25, of Sasakwa, and Mrs. A. L. Lesder, age 25, of Guertie, were married by U. S. Clerk Constant this afternoon.

The Ada Furniture and Coffin Co., is prepared to do your embalming. 274-6t

G. B. Bailey, a prominent merchant of Center, was transacting business in Ada today.

Owing to a delay in the funeral arrangements, the remains of Slackum will be interred tonight.

See the Ada Furniture and Coffin Co., for your funeral supplies. 274-6t

Our readers will notice the ad in this issue of the Ada Furniture and Coffin Co. They are better prepared than ever to attend to all your wants in the undertaking line and will give you complete satisfaction.

Tummins & Duncan will in a short time open up a marble yard on West Main street.

1000 yards of bleaching at W. A. Alexander's to sell at cost the next ten days. 274-2t-w-42-1t

Messers Klutz & Bennett of Center were in town today.

Chas. A. Powers is celebrating his 50th birthday anniversary today.

Miss Fawn Chambliss is reported ill.

Mrs. S. I. Tobiss is suffering with a severe sore throat.

Now is the time to replenish your children's shoes. Try W. A. Alexander for them. 274-2t-w-42-2t

J. O. Ridling of Bonham, Texas, was in the city today.

J. A. Biles is confined to his home today with an attack of rheumatism.

S. W. Lanham of Center was transacting business with our merchants.

M. J. Smoot, of Citra, was on our streets today.

Paul Van Horn, of Sherman, was in town today.

Several couples of our young people will visit the Watson families at Francis Sunday.

M. L. Walsh came in from Konawa.

Andy Chapman returned home from Sulphur Springs, Texas, today, where he was called on business matters.

John T. Conn was elected one of the vice presidents of the Indian Territory Good Roads association, which met at Muskogee this week.

This being the fifth Sunday of the month there will be no services at the Old School Presbyterian church Sunday. Rev. Jno. A. Williams drove to Allen today where he will hold services Sunday.

MONEY TO LOAN.

Long time loans made on improved business and residence property with optional payments. Also farm loans on surplus of intermarried citizens.

We write Fire Insurance in old line companies and make abstracts of title.

BRALEY & EBEL,
Rear Citizens National Bank.

J. A. Jones has on display an orange bush that has both blooms and a ripe orange. The Ada soil grows oranges as well as lemons.

The stone masons on the Red Cross store annex are making rapid progress and the walls should be completed in the next few days, weather permitting.

A phone message from Stone-wall at 3:30 o'clock this afternoon informed the News that J. W. Collins continues very weak and is unconscious. His recovery is very doubtful.

Regular services at the Cumberland Presbyterian church Sunday morning and evening. Subject for discussion and meditation: At 11 o'clock, "The Correct Walk of Life;" at 7:30, "How and where to stand." Could you spend these hours better than in the study of these themes? We extend a most cordial welcome to one and all to worship with us.

A Dog Detective.

A bird dog belonging to the station agent at Yale "pointed" a trunk, which upon request the owner refused to open. The station agent then broke it open and found it packed to the cover with quail. The owner was apprehended and fined \$50. The trunk was billed to St. Joseph, Mo.

Eddleman-Van Horn.

Cards of invitation are out announcing the wedding of Miss Bertie Eddleman of this city and Mr. Paul Van Horn, of Sherman, Texas, which is to occur February 7th, 1905, at the home of Miss Bertie's parents, Mr. and Mrs. V. P. Eddleman.

Miss Eddleman has tendered her resignation to the school board. It is reported that certain other of the young lady school teachers will resign ere long that they may also do the terrible, but fascinating, bidding of Hymen

Simple Colds.

Cease to be simple, if at all prolonged. The safest way is to put them aside at the very beginning. Ballard's Horehound Syrup stops a cold and removes the cause of colds. 25c, 50c and \$1.00 bottle at Clark Drug Co.

Another Good Man Gone Wrong.

He neglected to take Foley's Kidney Cure at the first sign of kidney trouble, hoping it would wear away, and he was soon a victim of Bright's disease. There is danger in delay but if Foley's Kidney Cure is taken at once the symptoms will disappear, the kidneys are strengthened and you are soon sound and well. A. R. Bass of Morgantown, Ind., had to get up ten or twelve times in the night, and had a severe backache and pain in the kidneys and was cured by Foley's Kidney Cure. Clark Drug Co. and Mason Drug Co.

IN THESE DAYS
Of merciless competition man and woman are apt to forget just where to buy their groceries. Just to remind them that we are in business, here are a few items as gentle reminders:
Wigwam flour, per sk. \$1.35
The best kerosene per gal. .20
Good coffee, 8 lbs. \$1.00
3 3-pound cans tomatoes. .25
3 cans good corn. .25
4 cans Eagle lye. .25
4 packages Arm & Hammer soda. .25
300 Pairs Shoes at Cost.
We want your produce and will pay highest market price for same.
Duncan & Henderson.
Harrison's old stand.
Ada, I. T.

Coal

We now have on hand the best Coal yet received in Ada. Better lay in your Winter supply before the price advances. :: :: ::
CASH ON DELIVERY.

Crystal Ice & Coal Co.
'PHONE 122. ADA, I. T.

Our shoes outwear ordinary shoes because nothing but the best material enter into them. Then they are just as reasonable in price. Do you see the economy point by buying of us? Chapman. 269-6t

How to Keep Youthful.
"Thou shalt not grow old" is a unwritten law which every sensible man and woman aims to observe. And how do they accomplish it? Simply by keeping the system in perfect trim through the use of a tonic medicine like Green's August Flower. They keep their blood pure, their digestion good, their liver active, their vitality normal and their spirits buoyant by the green and judicious use of August Flower—and thus they are youthful and happy. Trial bottle, 25c. Big bottle, 75c. At Clark Drug Co.

TO THE PUBLIC



We carry Coffins, Caskets and all kinds of Undertaker's goods. We also embalm and furnish hearse when desired.

ADA FURNITURE AND COFFIN COMPANY.

FRISCO SYSTEM
Chicago & Eastern Illinois R. R.

Double Daily Trains
BETWEEN
St. Louis & Chicago

MORNING AND EVENING
From LaSalle Street Station, Chicago, - 9:50 a. m. - 9:10 p. m.
From Union Sta. (Mer'ts. Bridge) St. Louis 9:30 a. m. - 9:46 p. m.

Morning or evening connection at both termini with lines diverging.
Equipment entirely new and modern throughout.
A Double Track Railway.
Equipped with practical and approved safety appliances.
Substantially constructed.

Bookkeeping and Shorthand
And all other studies usually embraced in a high grade, up-to-date course are taught most successfully, practically and thoroughly in
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE **Selvidge Business College**
G. P. Selvidge, A. M., M. Accts., Pres.,
Ardmore, I. T., or Gainesville, Texas.

The Ada National Bank.


TOM HOPE, President. **JNO. L. BARRINGER, Vice President.**
FRANK JONES, Cashier. **ORVILLE SNEAD, Asst. Cashier**

Capital Stock, - - - - - \$50,000.00
Undivided Profits, - - - - - 20,200.00

Blanks Furnished and Remittances Made to the Government on Town Lots.

ADA, CHICKASAW NATION, IND. TER.

Quinther's
CHOCOLATES



If You Want
All the sweets of life you cannot afford to overlook our fine stock of Chocolate and Candies. They are Better.

CLARK DRUG COMPANY

WANTS

WANTED:—A girl to operate perforating and stapling machines, easy to learn. Apply at this office not later than 8 a. m. Monday.

WANTED:—Good boy to learn printing business. Wages to the right party. Apply at this office at once.

FOR RENT:—A four room house 271-tf J. F. McKeel.

FOR RENT:—4 Room house, good water, well located. Heard & Weaver.

FOR RENT:—Room for two young men. Mrs. J. A. Biles. 263-tf

M. MORRIS, J. M. BRUNER, H. WEST.
MORRIS-BRUNER REALTY CO
Buy, Sell, Rent and Lease
REAL ESTATE
Citizens National Bank Bldg.
ADA, IND. TER.

Mr. Merchant



Don't complain of hard times and dull days when a well written ad in the New will bring you customers.
JUST TRY IT

Nickel Store

Small Profits Quick Sales
Cash

Look, Read, Think!
Over the following list, then come to
NICKEL STORE

And see what a great variety of goods you will find convenient for inspection, all priced in plain figures.

Books—We carry a complete line of Street & Smith's popular paper novels, 10c.

All the late Magazines can be bought here. Subscriptions taken for any thing published at publishers' prices. Also can get you any book you wish at the lowest possible price.

Candies—We know you will like our good, fresh Chocolates at 15c per pound.

See our Ladies' and Gentlemen's 5c and 10c Handkerchiefs.

Combs—The new improved puff combs, 10c, 15c and 25c. Extra heavy metal back and metal end dressing combs 10c.

Pins—M. C. Brass Pins, 360 pins in a paper 5c. Hair pins, boxes 5c.

Soaps—We have a line of fine Toilet Soaps—Glycerine tar soaps, 5c a cake Pure Witch Hazel Soap, Box of 3 Cakes for 10c. Lana Oil or Buttermilk Soap, 8c a cake. Petroleum Jelly, or Vase line, 2 oz. 5c, 5 oz. 10c, 16 oz. 15c.

Talcum Powders, 5c & 10c Matches, a "carload" for 5 cents. Stove Polish, 5 cents. Bluing, 2 oz box bag blue 5c.

Laundry Soap, special for this week, 7 bars Swiss and one box Gold Dust Washing Powders for 25c

Lye—Swiss Lye 4 cans for 25c.

Soda—Arm & Hammer, 4 boxes 25c.

Files—Firstclass American files. 8-inch 10c. 10-inch 12c. 12-inch 20c.

For the benefit of some, perhaps, who have never been in our store, we would call attention to our great variety of Queensware, Glassware, Tinware, Enamelware, Stoneware, etc.

If ticket No. 214033 isn't in Saturday, the 29th of this month, the next nearest will draw the Steel Range.

Nickel Store,
S. M. Shaw, Prop
Phone 77.
Broadway, 3 doors North of Post Office.